

Halo Chronicals Halo Retold

by MasterChief60

Category: Halo

Genre: Angst, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-09-17 01:21:04

Updated: 2005-09-17 01:21:04

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:35:27

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,506

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Halo Retold! Starts out on the usual storyline of the first game... then gets crazy as can be! No cursing. Rated for gun violence.

Halo Chronicals Halo Retold

"Chief? Chief! Wake up!" Cortana's voice echoed through Master Chief's head. Slowly he struggled to regain his footing and groaned. The first thing he saw was blood. Bodies. He was inside the lifepod that launched from the Pillar of Autumn after Cole Protocol took place. Now he could remember exactly what was going on. "We landed on the ring, Chief." Cortana said. "Looks like we are the only survivors." Master Chief said nothing, and turned to look at what became of the pilot. Her head was crushed into the controls of the pod, obviously the impact killed her. Dead marines were still strapped into their leather chairs, and two dead marines lay outside of the lifepod. If only they had MJOLNIR armor and were physically enhanced like Master Chief, then they might have had a chance.

Master Chief remembered what he had told the marine before they crashed- that they would be fine. The marine was right- they did die. Chief regretted ever telling the marine reassuring words. "Chief. The Covenant know we've landed." Cortana said, breaking his thoughts. "We have to find cover- they will search the lifepod for survivors." Chief nodded, then said, "Alright. Where should we hide?" "In the hills." Cortana answered. "Hurry." Chief had to duck to leave the lifepod, and he quickly advanced into the hills. He ran across a stream and ducked under a rock. Suddenly the loud roaring of a Covenant Phantom's engine boomed across the sky, and Chief could hear the low voices of Elites, and the squeal of Grunts.

"Nothing is here." an Elite said. "We should return to the Prophets and tell them... wait." The Elite lifted his head, just as more lifepods shot across the sky. "Look!" He barked. "We see! We see!" A Grunt called exitedly. "Hurry! We must go and check those human

pods!" A red Elite said.

"Not if I have something to say about it." Whispered Chief to himself as he snuck out from behind his sanctuary towards the small group of Covenant. With a butt of his gun, he rammed a Grunt in the back of the head. It took its last breath as it flipped over into a pile of its own blood. Quickly, Chief did the same to an Elite before they realized that he was there. "DEMON!" Screamed the leader Elite as plasma struck Chief's shield...

... The Master Chief rolled out of the way as a shower of plasma blasts sizzled where he was standing. With his pistol, he sniped an Elite in the head, causing it to crash into a nearby Grunt, crushing the small being. Now Master Chief headed for the red Elite. He aimed for its head, but it ducked. The bullet sailed into the air and disappeared beyond the drop of the cliff. The Elite took this moment to slam its Plasma Rifle into Chief's chest, but with his quick reflexes, he grabbed the rifle before contact. A look of surprise came over the Elite as Chief dropped his pistol and tore the rifle away from the Elite's hands.

Quickly he shot plasma into the Elite's head while it was still stunned. It growled in its language as it tried to get away, but quickly Master Chief slammed it in the head with the Plasma Rifle. With their leader dead, petrified Grunts stood, frozen with fear. Then one screamed and the small group took off. Chief let loose his grip on the plasma gun and retrieved his pistol, sniping all of the Grunts before they could escape. "Good work, Chief." Cortana said from inside his robotic system. "Now I have readings of more life pods. We have to go and retrieve the survivors, if any." Cortana said. "I'm already on it." Chief said as he ran across a rustic bridge to the other side of the cliff...

...Banshees roamed through the air, but they were quite far away so Chief knew they could not detect him- at least not now. Chief tried his best to make it to the other side of the grassy slope- there was a large valley entrance between two mountains, their rocky surface was shining and glossy from water and sun. If Chief could reach the valley in time, the Banshees would not be able to see him.

But he was too late. His motion detector visible in his visor picked up the two large red dots growing closer and closer. Suddenly plasma burned his shield. Chief looked over his shoulder and pulled out his machine gun, shooting the front of the first Banshee as it grew closer to him. It seemed to do no good.

The Banshee switched on its boost suddenly, trying to run over Chief. But, skilled in battle tactics, Chief ducked just in time, then leapt up with a midair spin, grabbing the who was driving by the ankles, which were sticking out the rear of the Banshee. Being one thousand pounds, he easily pulled the Elite out of the craft, and the Banshee exploded when it slammed into the mountainside.

Chief dropped the Elite- he had broken its ankles in his iron grip, and it couldn't walk. Quickly the Elite picked up his plasma rifle and blasted at Chief repeatedly. Chief jumped sideways, easily dodging. He looked up into the sky, noticing the other Banshee hovering towards him with extreme speed. He had to think fast. Quickly, he grabbed the crippled Elite and flung it at the oncoming Banshee. The crippled Elite screamed as he was slammed into the

Banshee, his own blood blocking the driving Elite's vision. Master Chief could hear the pilot Elite roar as he was sent blindly into the mountain, quickly killing both Elites. The explosion was pleasing to his ears.

"Quick, I know where the lifepod landed." Cortana said. "I'm uploading a nav-point to your scanner." Chief could now see blue arrows pointing to the distance. He ran over the hill of the mountain and down into a large plain, with a creek running down the slope. He followed the waterpath towards the nav-point. He could see smoke rising on the horizon. But suddenly his foot became stuck in a mudhole at the bottom of the creek! "Ahh..." He grunted, trying his best to pull his foot loose. He was delaying too much time. Finally, when his foot came free, he jumped out of the creek to continue.

He was stopped by an Elite's warcry. Quickly he grabbed his gun and spun around, but he saw nothing. The Elite voice came from around the bend, and he was surprised to realize that this was not directed at him. He could hear plasma from around the bend, and this made Chief curious. He made his way stealthily to the corner of the mountain, where it bent around, and stuck his head around the curve to see what was going on from the other side. What he saw was the strangest thing he had ever seen. Ever.

"HERITIC!" A gold Elite screamed, kicking an unarmored Elite in the ribs. "RUN WHILE YOU CAN!" The naked Elite roared with pain, and tried his best to scramble away, towards Chief! Quickly Master Chief ducked and moved as fast as he could to get away before the Elite saw him.

The unarmored Elite regained his feet and ran past Master Chief. Chief became very curious, wondering why the Elites called this one a Heretic and expelled him from the Covenant. Chief slowly followed the Heretic Elite's steps. "Chief, where are you going?" Cortana asked from inside. "The marines can wait. I HAVE to find out what's going on!" Chief answered quietly. The Elite disappeared behind a bend, where the path forked. "Now what..." Chief breathed.

There was a swamp- a very large swamp- to his right, and a forest to his left. The swamp looked strange. Unordinary. Chief wondered if the Elite wanted to hide from his companions in the swamp because they may think it was more dangerous than the forest. Carefully, Chief made his way through the swamp, searching for the Elite. He thought that in the Elite's condition, he could interrogate it without killing it- then kill it when he had the information he wanted.

But something happened. He froze when he felt something grab his ankle- something from under the swamp water. A shiver went up his spine as the grip on his ankle tightened. Quickly he pointed his gun at the source of the feeling and shot rounds of bullets. The grip loosened, and he sighed with relief. But then there was another grip, this time firmer, and what happened next was too quick for Chief to react. He was dragged under the swamp water. The last thing he remembered was a zombified looking Elite- with its arm missing and sickly pale skin, reaching out and ripping at Chief's armor- ripping away his air system- now he could not breathe underwater...

End  
file.